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Hanna-Barbera

PARADE

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20¢

NO. 9
OCT
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HANNA BARBERA PARADE



00765

RAY
DIRGO

THE FLINTSTONES in

An for a

WILMA WON'T GIVE ME
THE MONEY TO GO BOWLING!
I HOPE BARNEY HAS A
COUPLE BUCKS I CAN
BORROW!

OOOOWWWW!

SOMEBODY'S IN AWFUL PAIN
IN THERE! I HOPE BARNEY DIDN'T
TRY TO SHOW BETTY WHO'S
BOSS AGAIN!

D-2682

OOOWW! HELLO,
FRED....OUTA MY
WAY I GOTTA
GO TO THE
DENTIST!

THE DENTIST? YOU
CAN'T GO TO THE
DENTIST, OUR TEAM IS
BOWLING FOR THE
CHAMPIONSHIP!

YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY FOR
BOTH OF US, BARNEY!

CUT IT OUT,
FRED! I NEED
THAT TO GET
THIS TOOTH
PULLED!

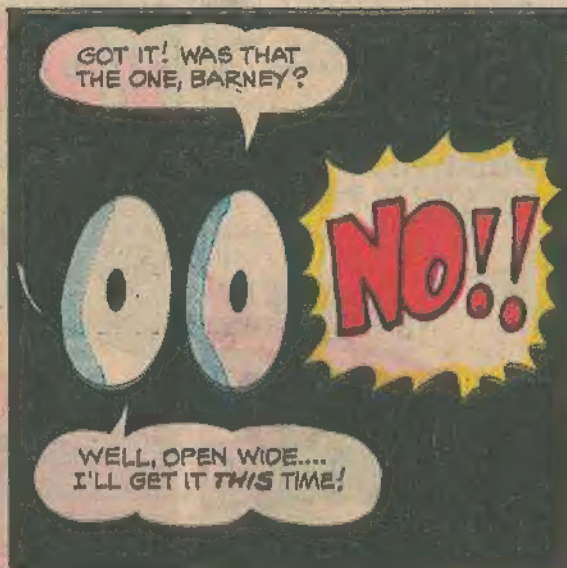
YABADABADOO!!

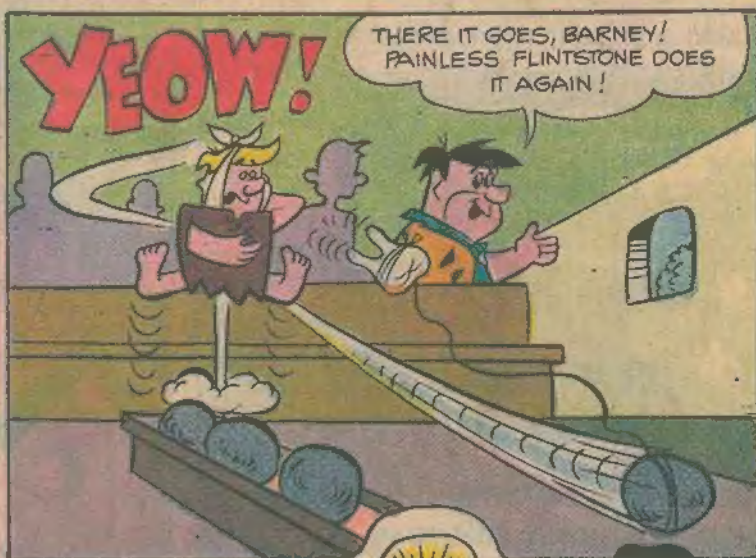
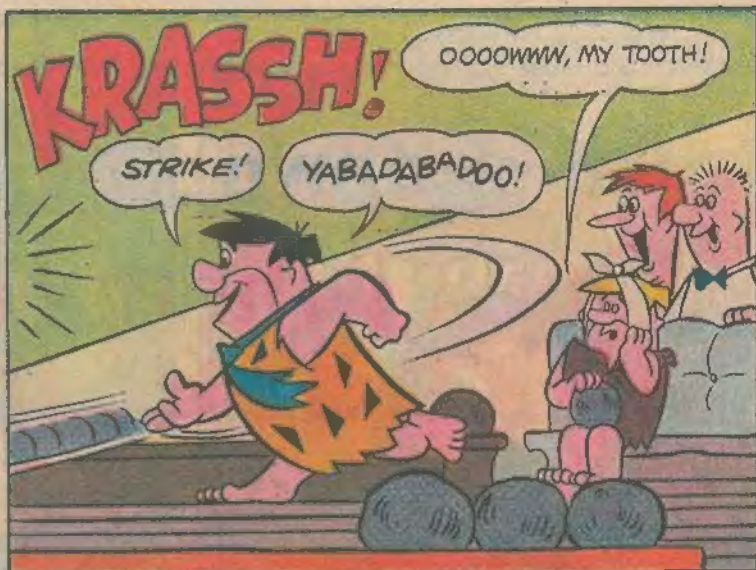
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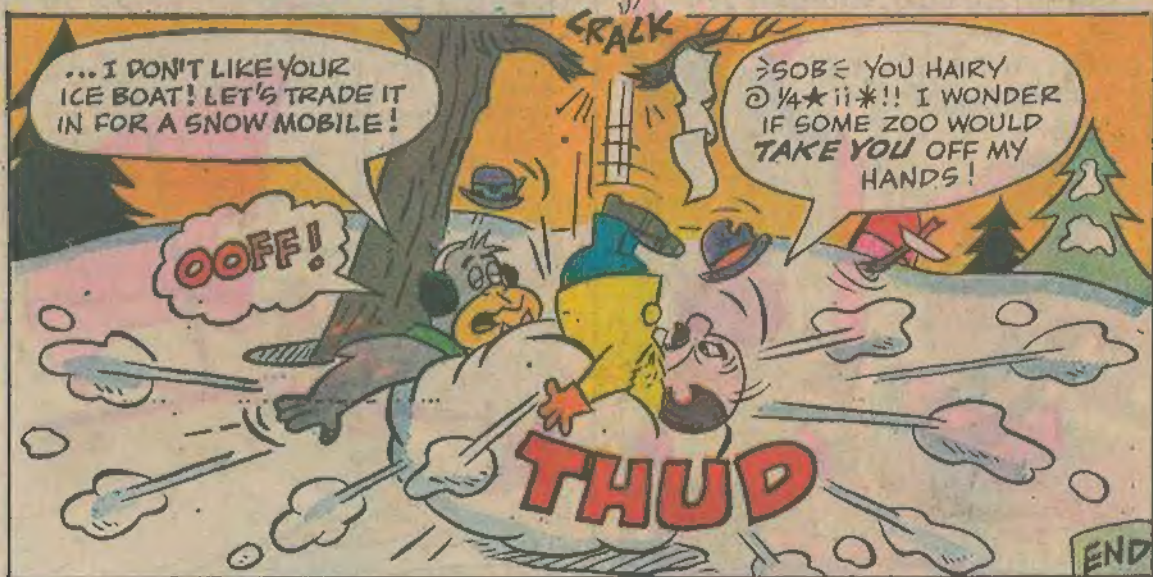
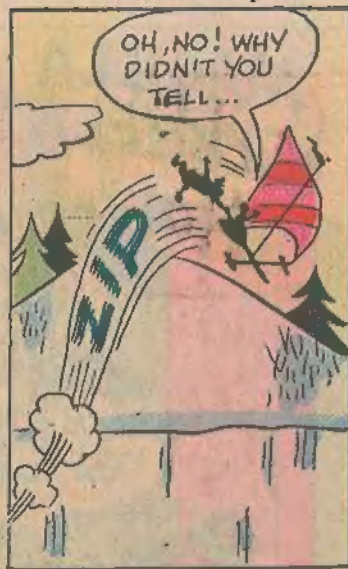
THE JETSONS MOON TALE (TAIL?)

in...

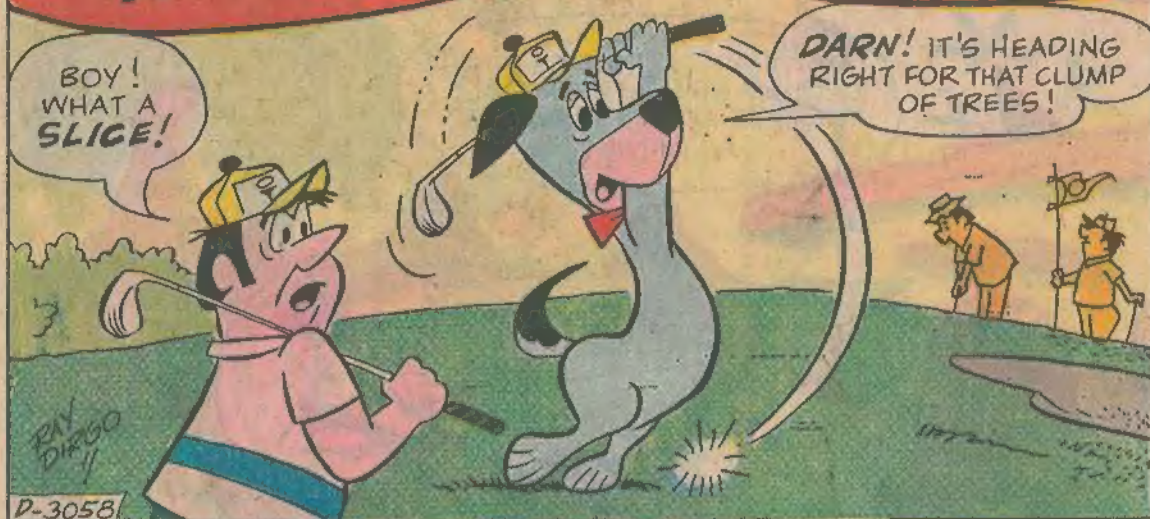


MAGILLA *in* A SAILING WE WILL GO





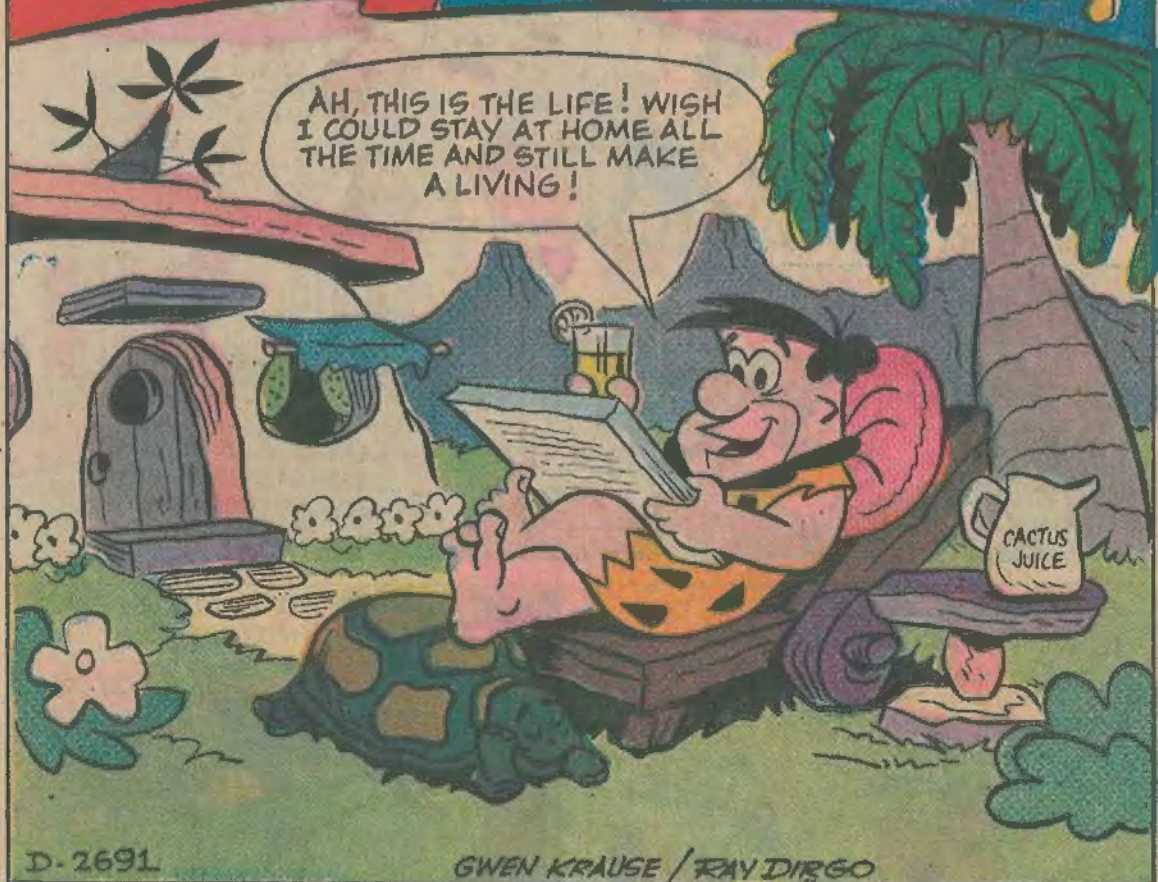
Huckleberry Hound in Fish can play too!



THE FLINTSTONES

ART DIRECTOR'S DILEMMA!

AH, THIS IS THE LIFE! WISH I COULD STAY AT HOME ALL THE TIME AND STILL MAKE A LIVING!



D-2691

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

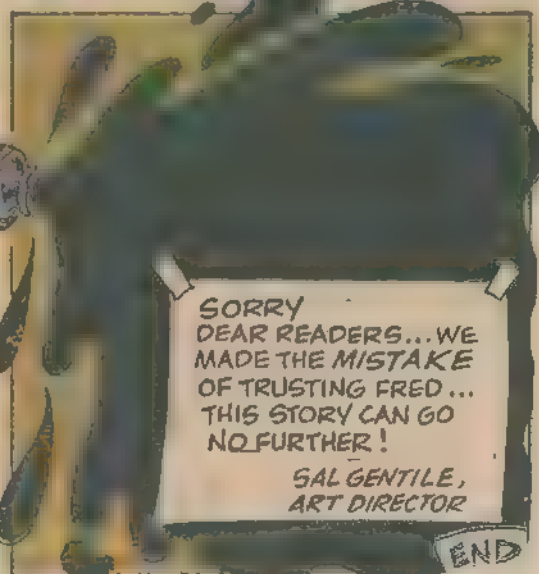
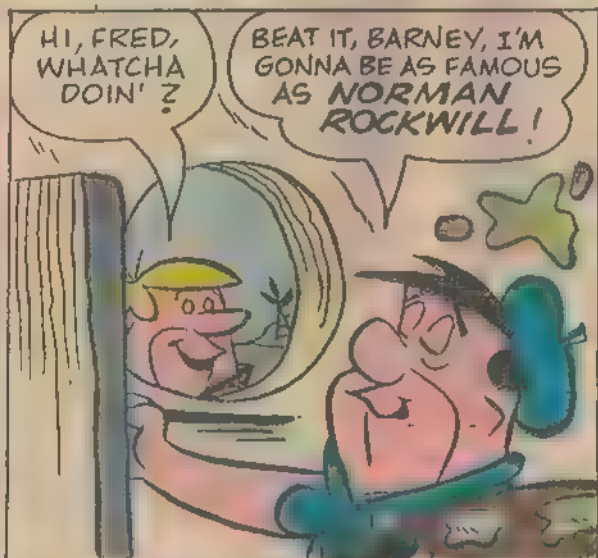
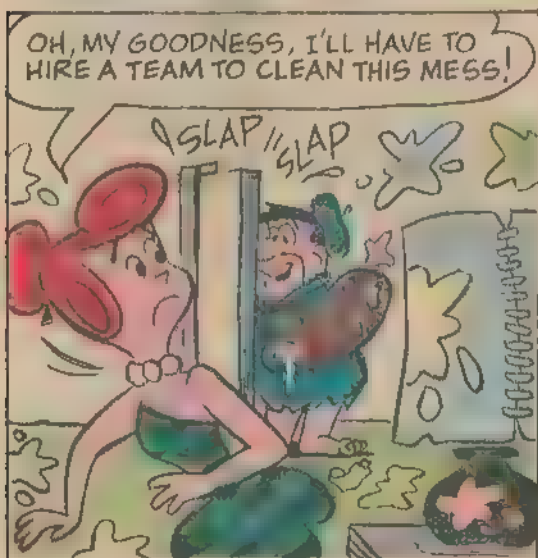
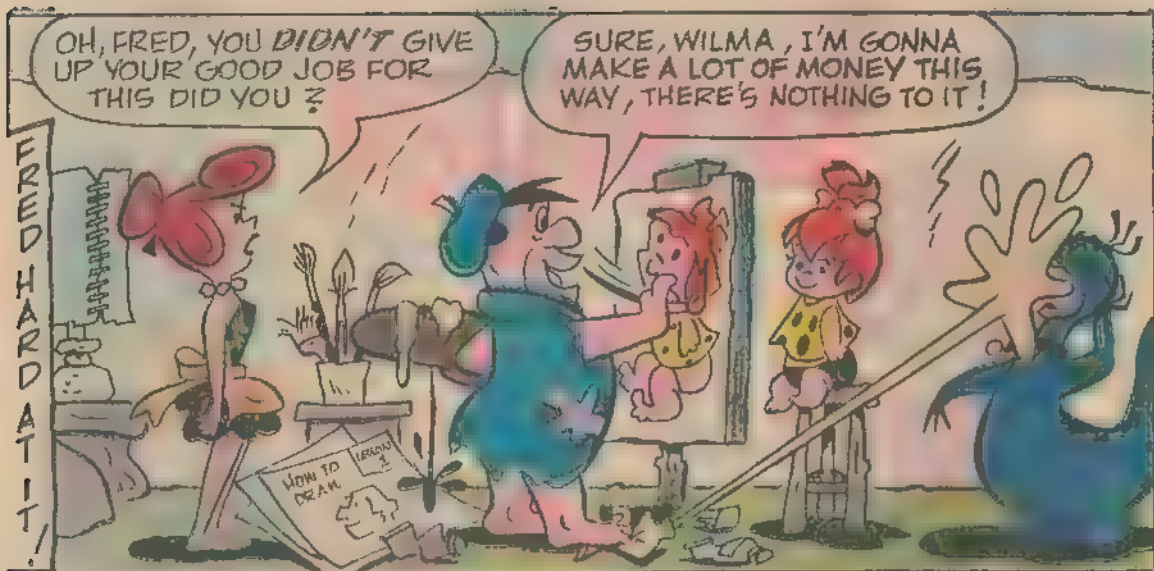
WHAT'S THIS? "YOU CAN LEARN TO BE AN ARTIST IN THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN HOME! **BIG MONEY...**"

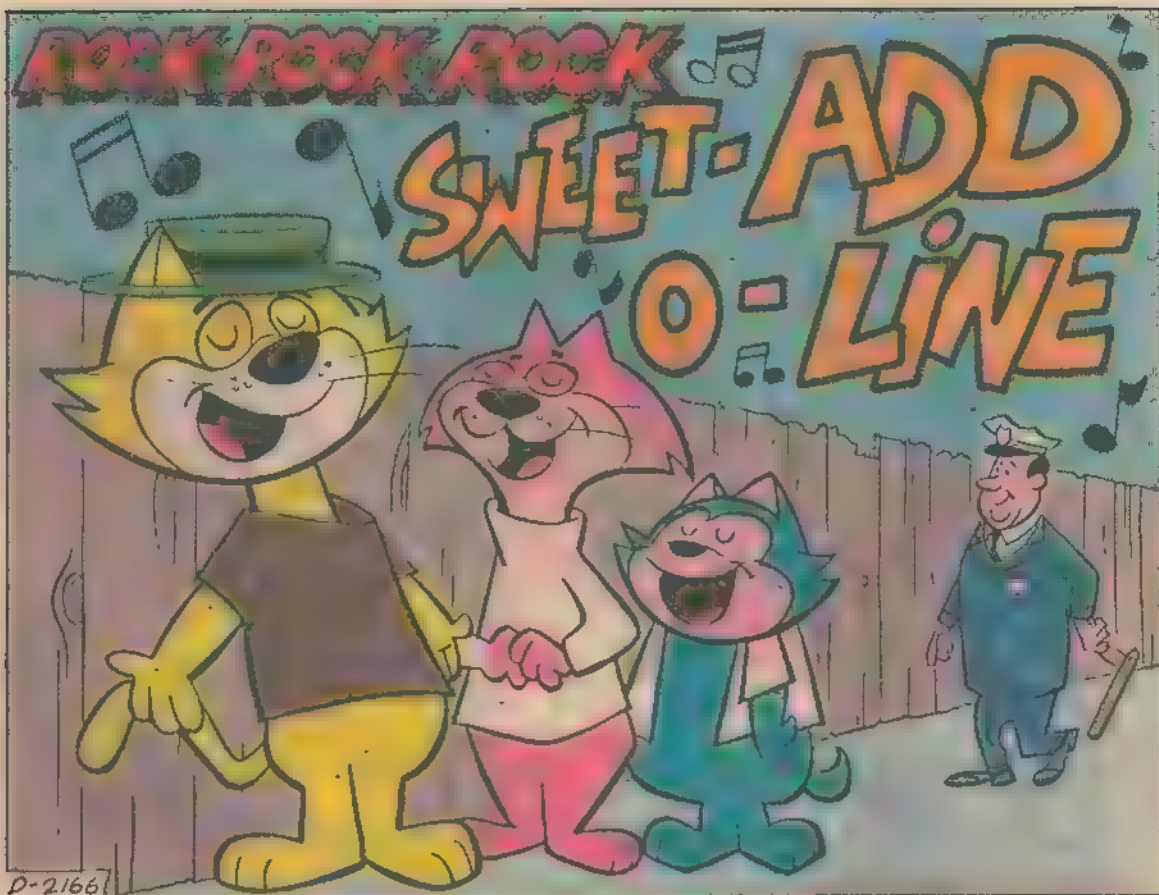
...EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!
YABADABADOO!
THAT'S IT!



QUICK LEARN ART SCHOOL? THIS IS FRED FLINTSTONE, I'M INTERESTED IN YOUR COURSE! SEND YOUR MAN OUT **RIGHT AWAY**, I WANNA GET STARTED!







MAGILLA GORILLA

in **ALL** Sales are **FINAL**

IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW HARD YOU WORK, MAGILLA, PEEBLES WILL SELL YOU TO THE FIRST CUSTOMER WHO'S DUMB ENOUGH TO BUY YOU!



SOLD! YOU'VE BOUGHT YOURSELF A GORILLA!



D-1607

SHUT UP, YOU HOOK-NOSED CHICKEN! MR. PEEBLES COULDN'T RUN THIS PLACE WITHOUT ME!

STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, MR. WHIPSNAPPER! MAGILLA'S A FINE, HEALTHY GORILLA, A GOOD WORKER!

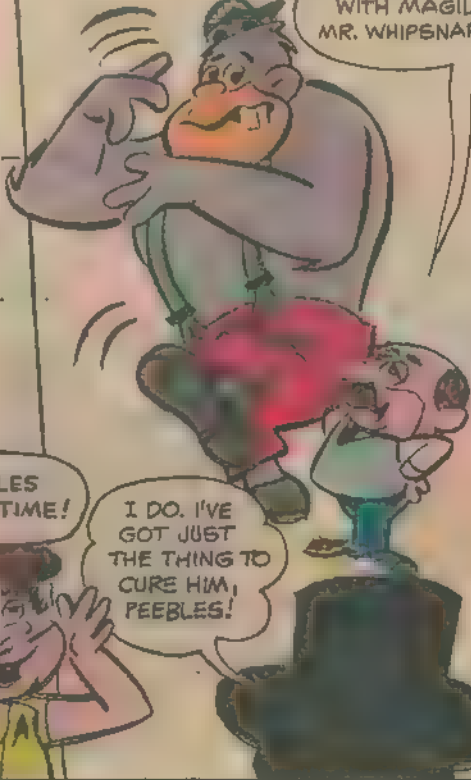


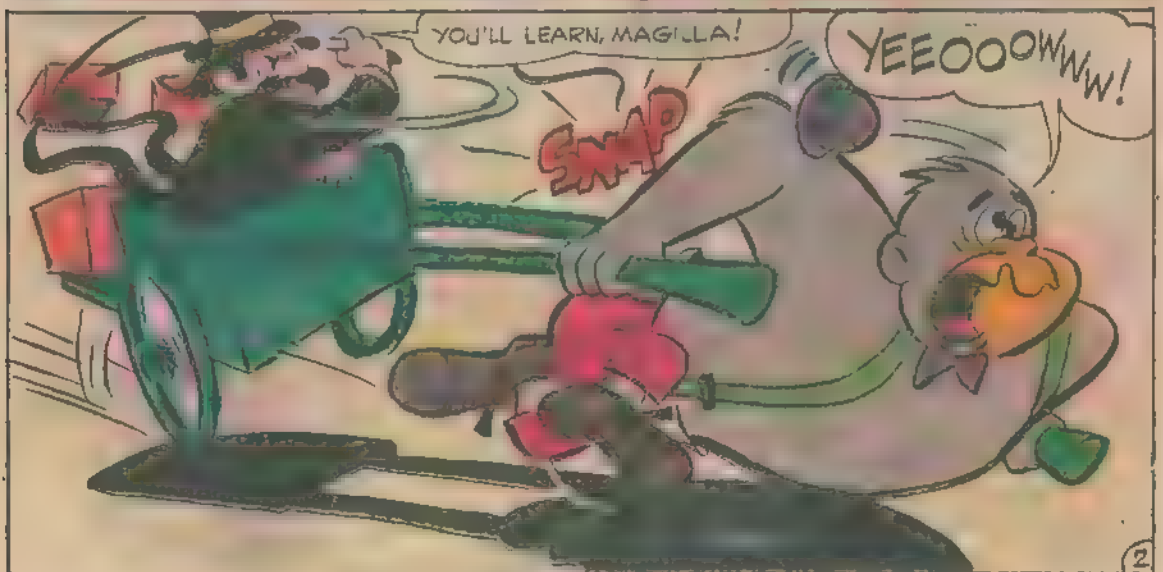
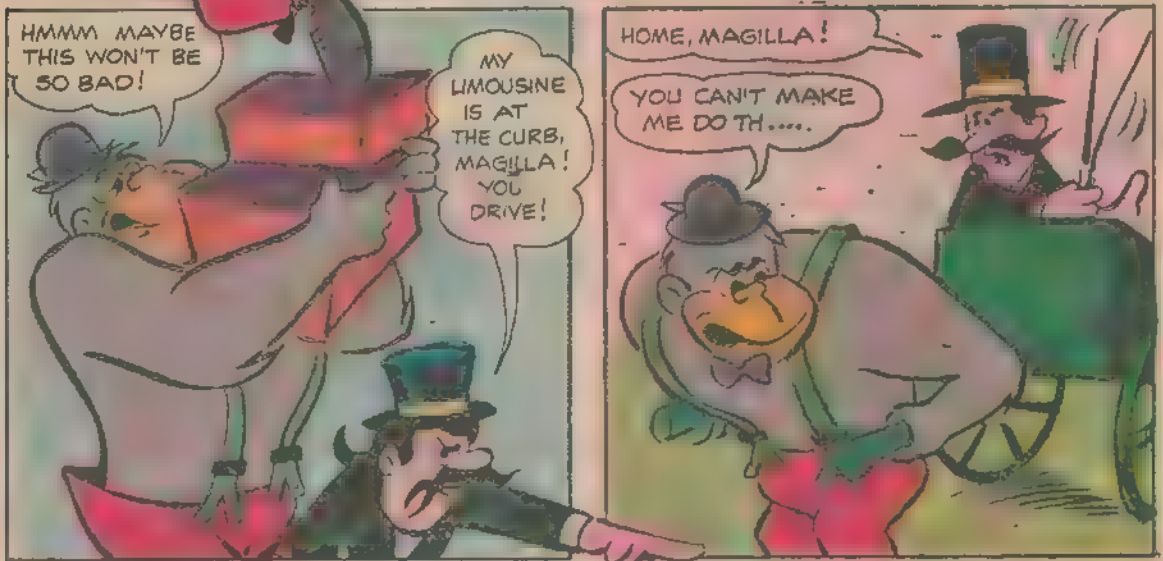
WATCH OUT, MAGILLA, PEEBLES GOT YA THIS TIME!

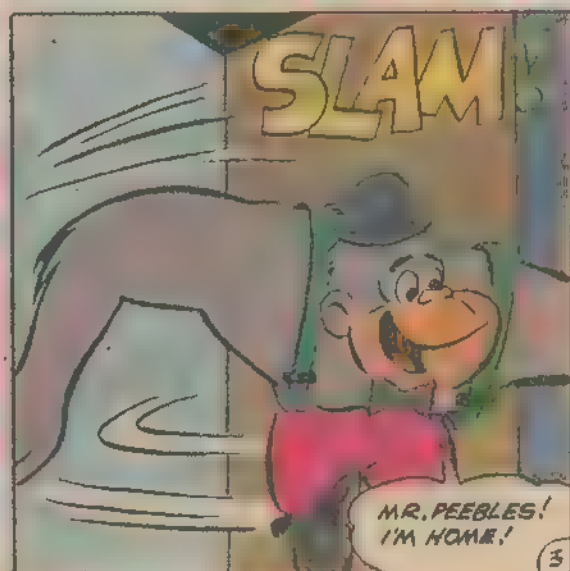
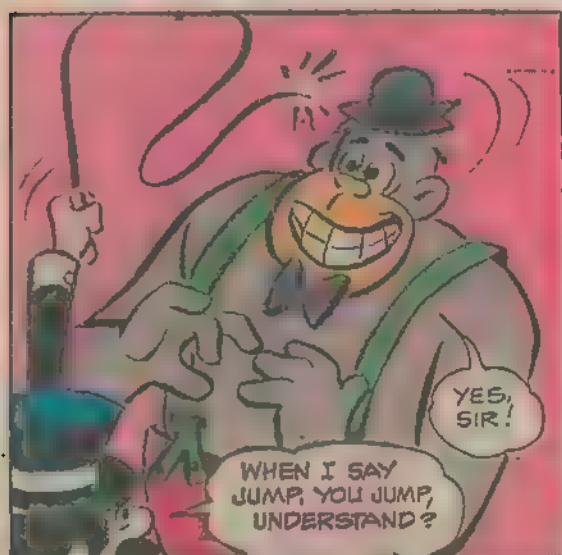
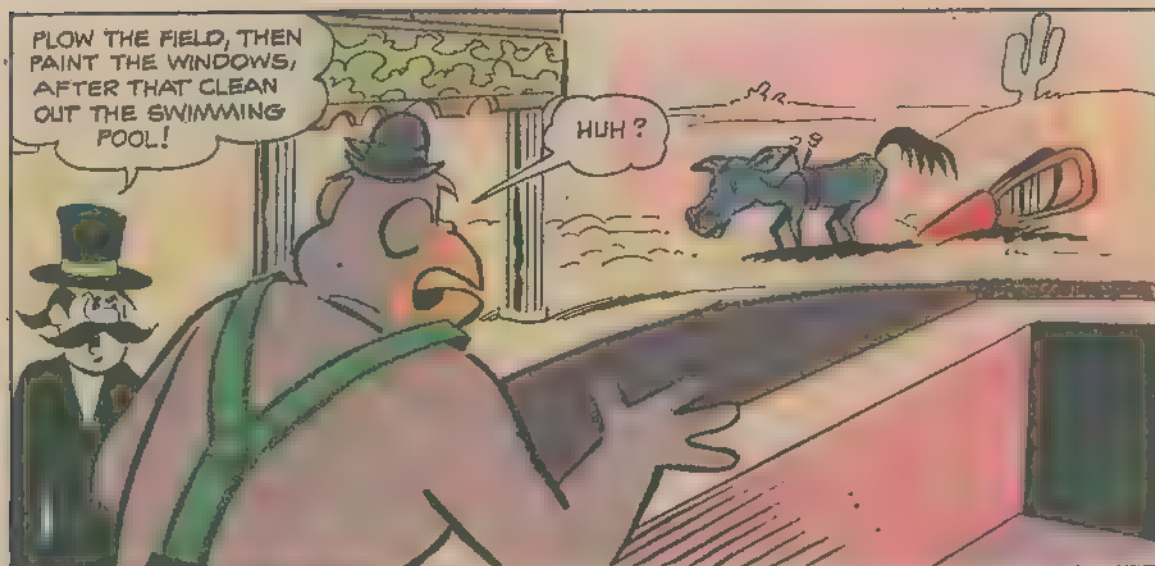


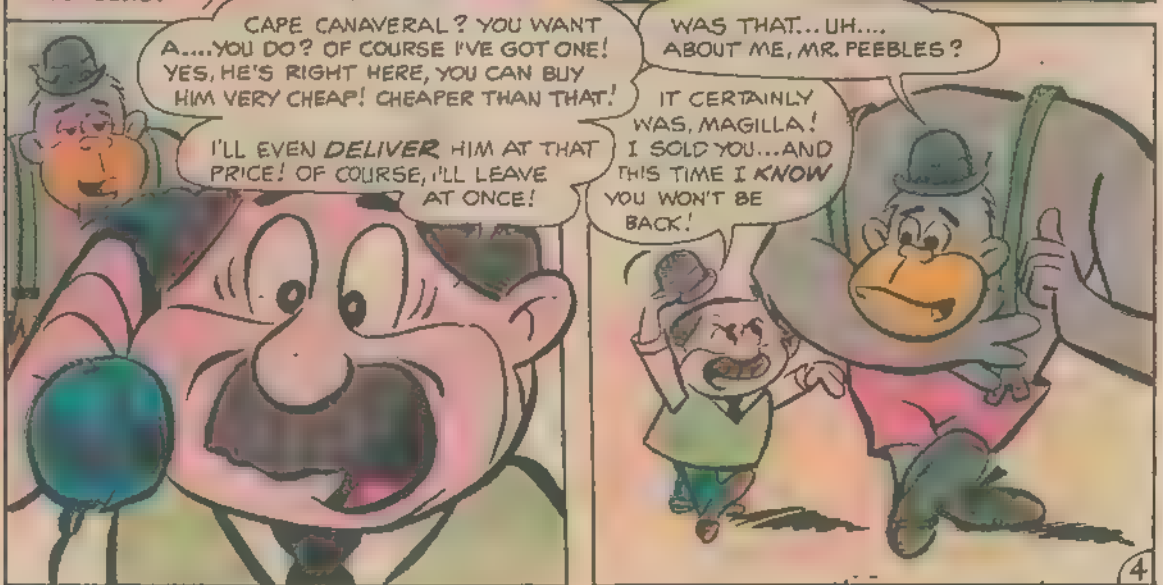
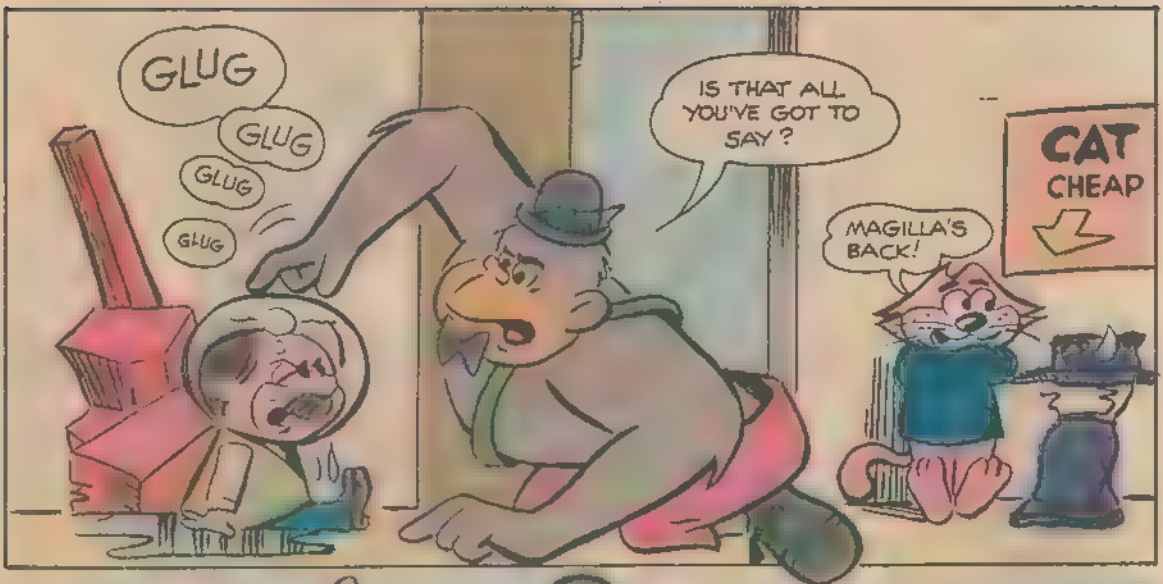
I DO. I'VE GOT JUST THE THING TO CURE HIM, PEEBLES!

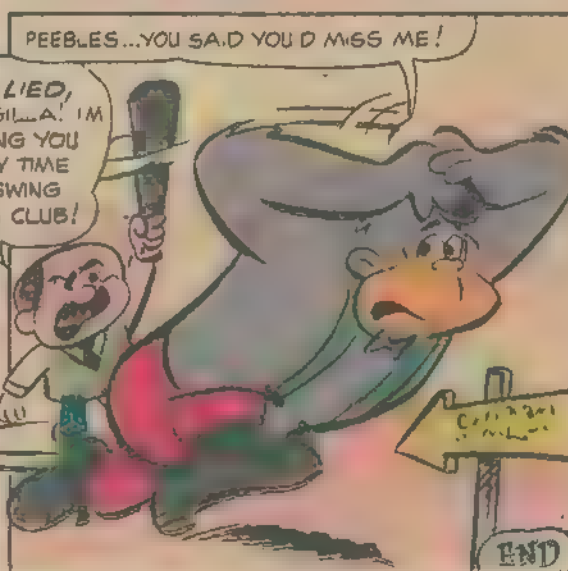
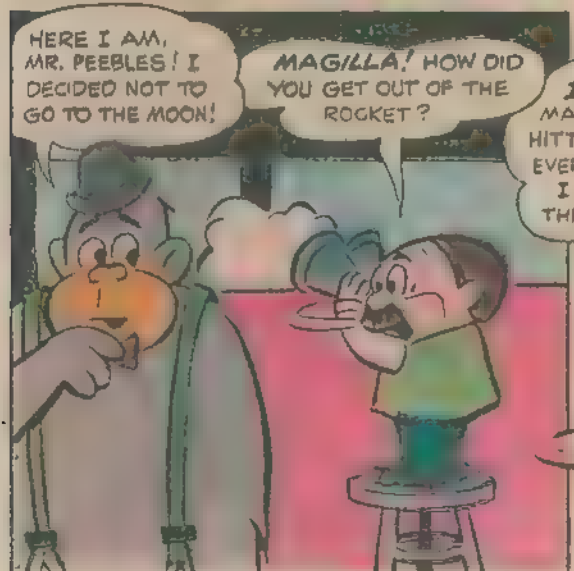
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH MAGILLA, MR. WHIPSNAPPER!





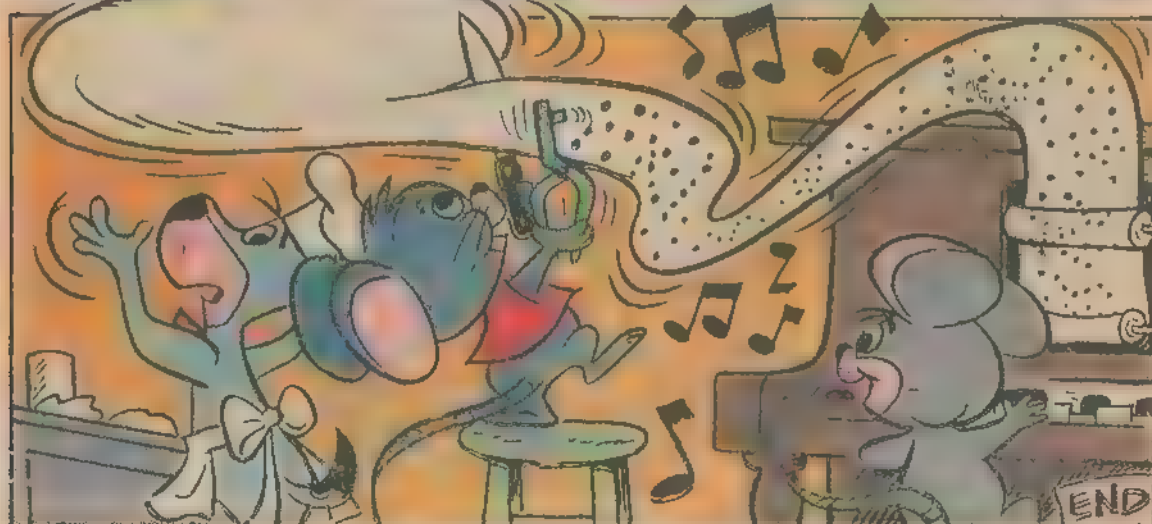
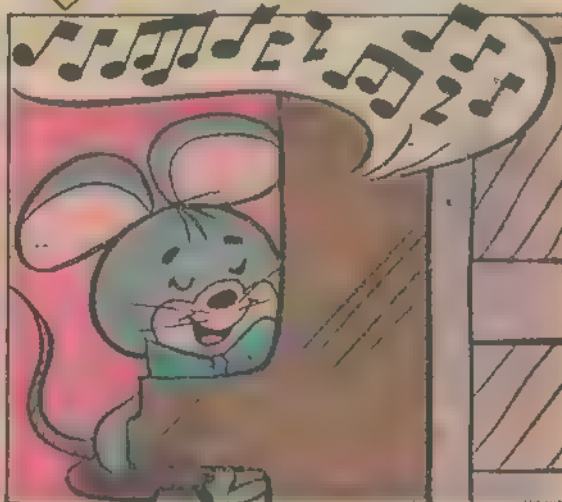
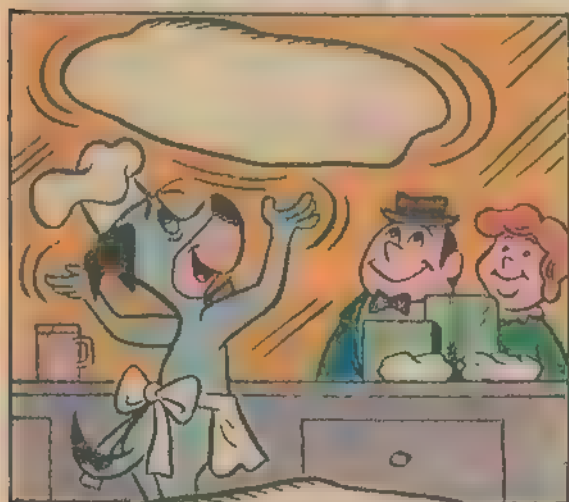
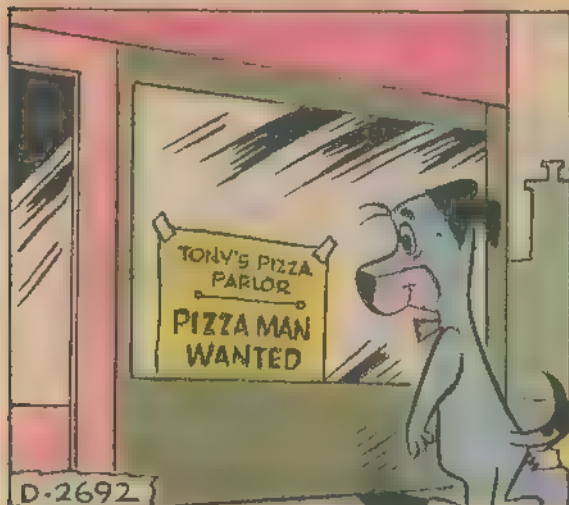






Dixie & Pixie with Huckleberry Hound

Datsa Amore



YOU KEEP THEM!

The Society of Professional Engineers were holding their annual meeting in Paris at the Hotel Mandain. Professor John Adamson was a bit worried as he faced the finest collection of engineering talent in the world.

"Somebody with a misplaced sense of humor has phoned and said that there is a time bomb underneath us."

He had just finished the last word, when the bomb exploded. And alas, 187 of them—in fact all of them—were no longer in this world. When the Professor opened his eyes, he was heading the delegation trying to get into Heaven.

"You don't understand," sighed the Heavenly Recorder. "We didn't expect all of you. Just now we are overcrowded. In a week or two, we will have room."

"But we are all entitled to come in here," insisted the Professor. "On Earth we all were fine human beings. Both in our professional work as well as in our social contacts. As a matter of fact we were going to discuss raising money to feed the starving children of Slogobondia. When that bomb went off, Most unfortunate incident. Put an end to many a promising career."

"Most unfortunate," agreed the Heavenly Recorder. "I just got a flash from my representative down on Earth. Seems there was a misunderstanding. That bomb was to be placed in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Surete. For another meeting."

"So we really don't belong here," said the Professor who thought he saw a way out of being in the other World.

"We haven't as yet worked out a return trip deal for those people who land in the World outside of Earth," said the Recorder.

"But it has been brought to our attention. If you don't mind accommodations that aren't up to our standard for a week, then everything will be fine."

"Take whatever they have to offer," said Dr. Thomas Gildmore to the Professor. "I have no karches. And I am getting fatigued standing. I think the others in back of me feel the same way."

"O.K.," said the Professor. "See what you can do for us."

The Heavenly Recorder went over to another desk. He dialed "H-E-L-L 645" and soon his Satanic Majesty was on the other end.

"I have 187 extra people wanting to come into our

domain," he explained. "Can you help me out for just a week? Take them in and as soon as I get things ready, we'll send for them."

"Funny Thing," said the Top Devil. "I just have extra space for a week. Seems a lot of people on Earth are doing their best not to get here. Can't find the reason why. Though my unit of Underworld Intelligence is busy on it. Use Elevator no. 6. That is the fastest direct line from your territory to mine. However I will keep them separate from the rest of my guests."

So the entire 187 of those Professional Engineers were then escorted to that elevator. The door was sealed and the switch thrown. Then at full speed it made the descent from cloud 3 to fire 5. When the door opened, his Satanic Majesty greeted them.

"I wish I could say to you to make yourselves at home here. You are merely temporary visitors. You can go around and see the sights."

Three days later, the Heavenly Recorder got an emergency flash from Hades. His Satanic Majesty was on the other end of the phone.

"You must take them all back at once. I am sending them to you in Elevator no. 6. This is a real emergency. They are upsetting my regular guests. And also myself. They complained about the heat down here. Of course we must have heat and flames. Otherwise this wouldn't be what it is. They drew up plans for air conditioning my domain. We do have a lot of wasted talent down here. That I will admit readily."

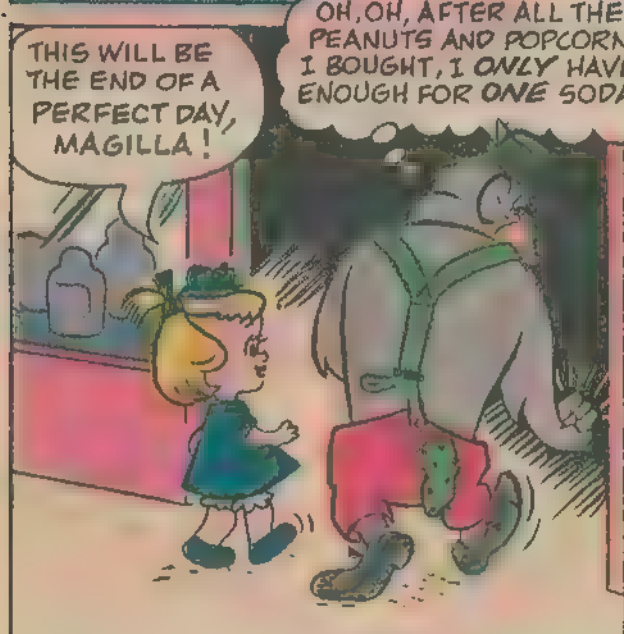
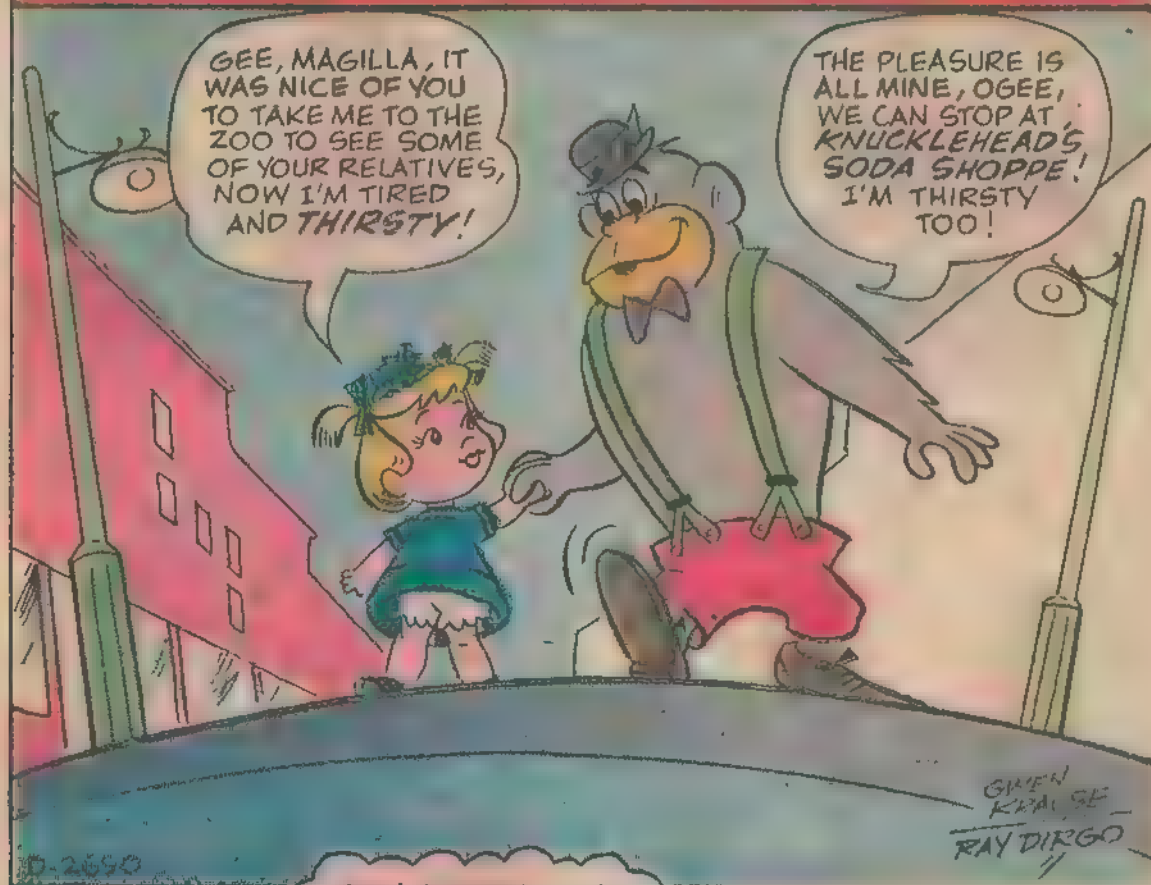
They actually organized a work group to start in this afternoon. Nothing doing. You should see the enthusiasm they have aroused. I don't want my people down here to be happy. And if it is cool and comfortable, then where is the punishment? So it is now up to you."

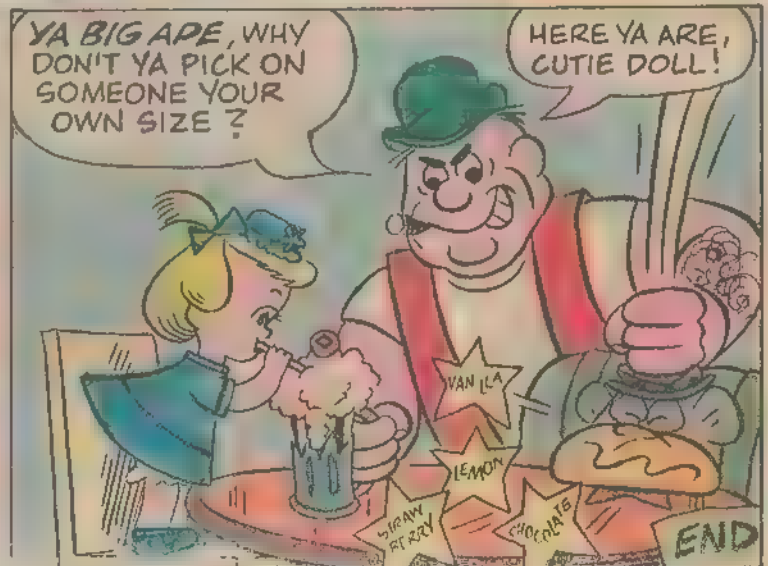
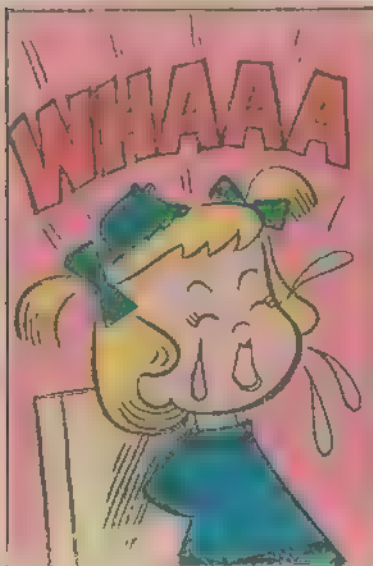
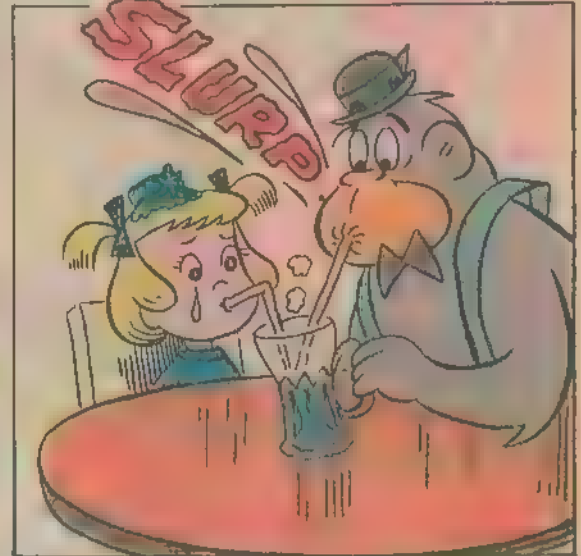
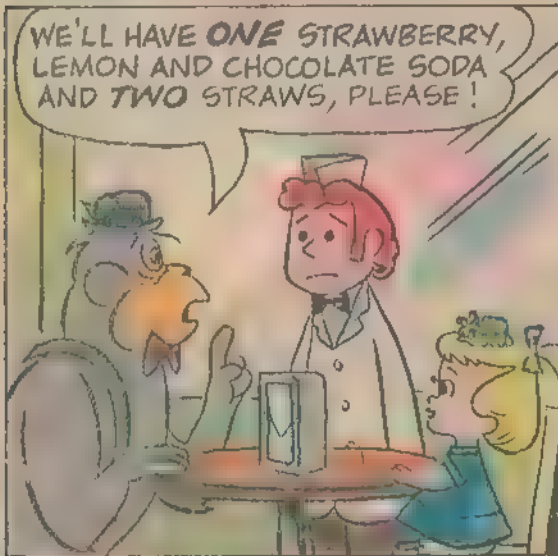
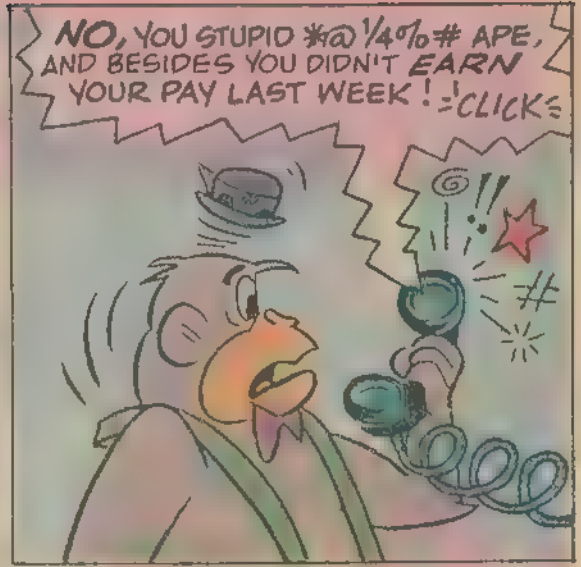
"You put me on the spot," admitted the Heavenly Recorder. "You won't keep them. And I haven't as yet room for them. So I guess I must do something I haven't done as yet. Send them back."

The smoke cleared from the grand ballroom of the Hotel Mandain. The members of the Society of Professional Engineers coughed a bit. Then Professor John Adamson spoke.

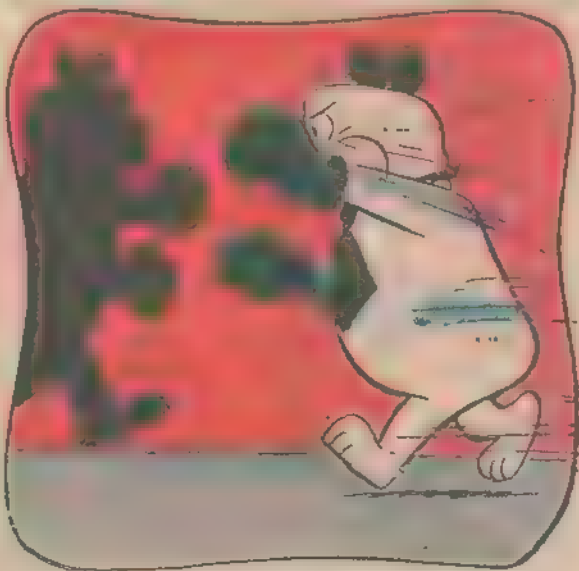
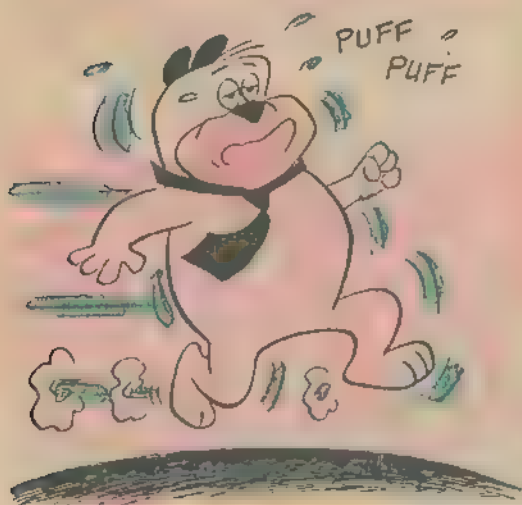
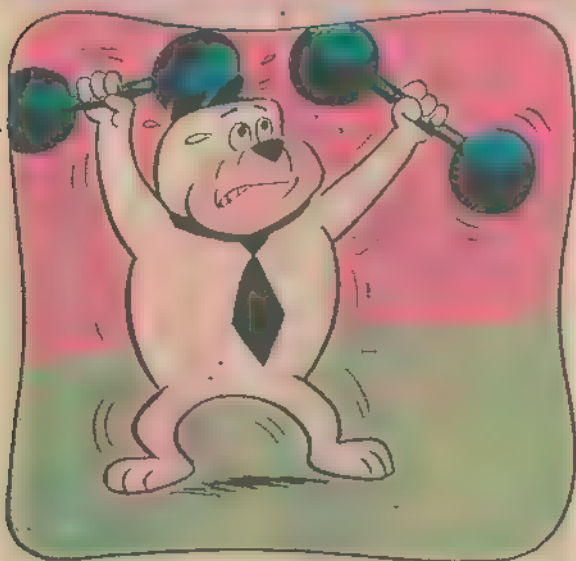
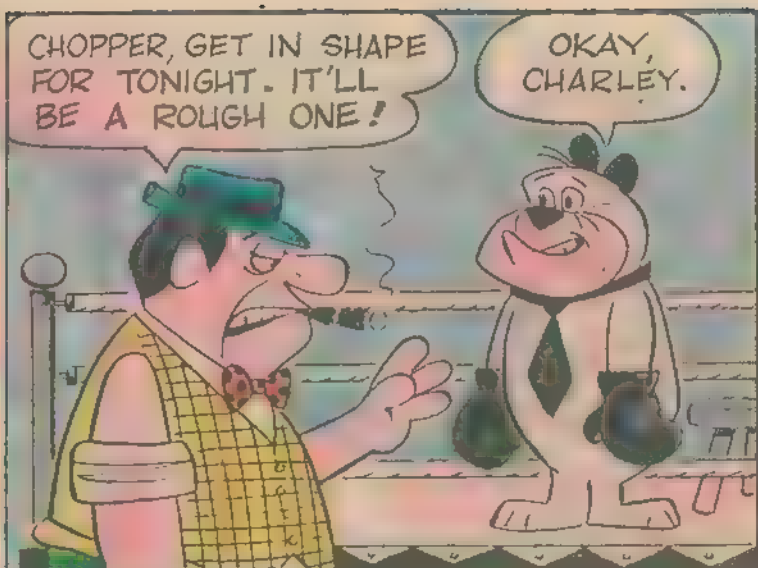
"I have a peculiar feeling as though we were some place else for a few minutes. I understand it was a harmless smoke bomb that went off. We are going to raise money for the starving children of Slogobondia

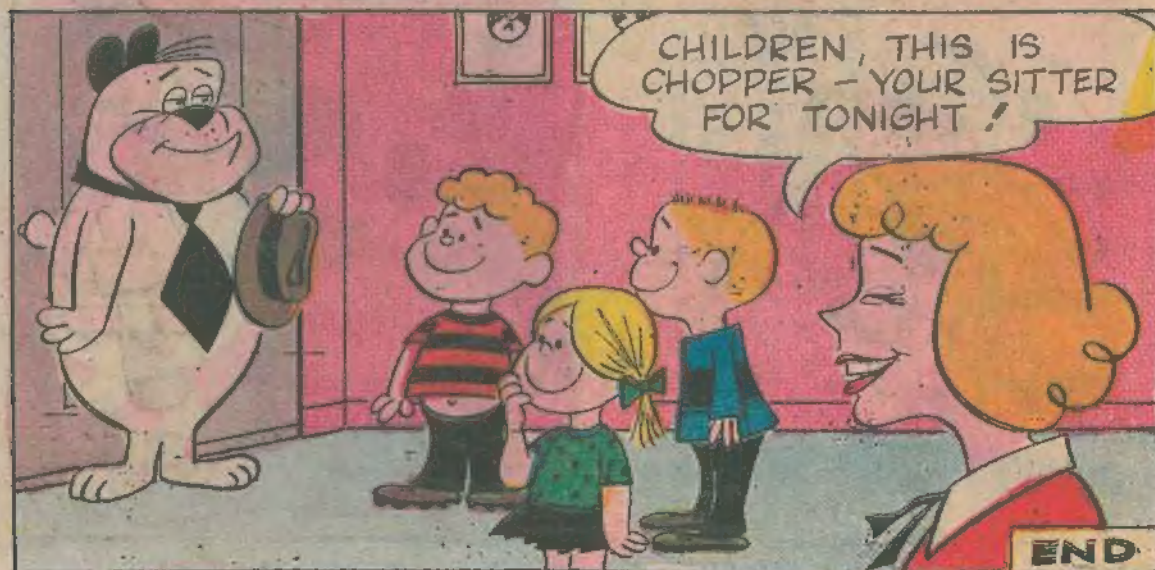
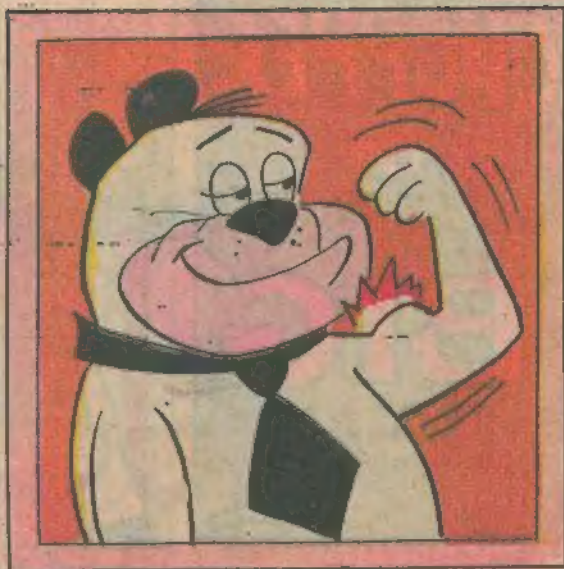
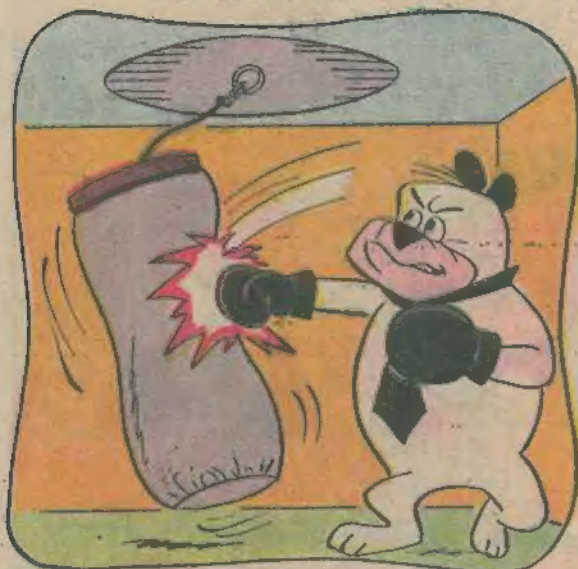
MAGILLA GORILLA Soda Jerk



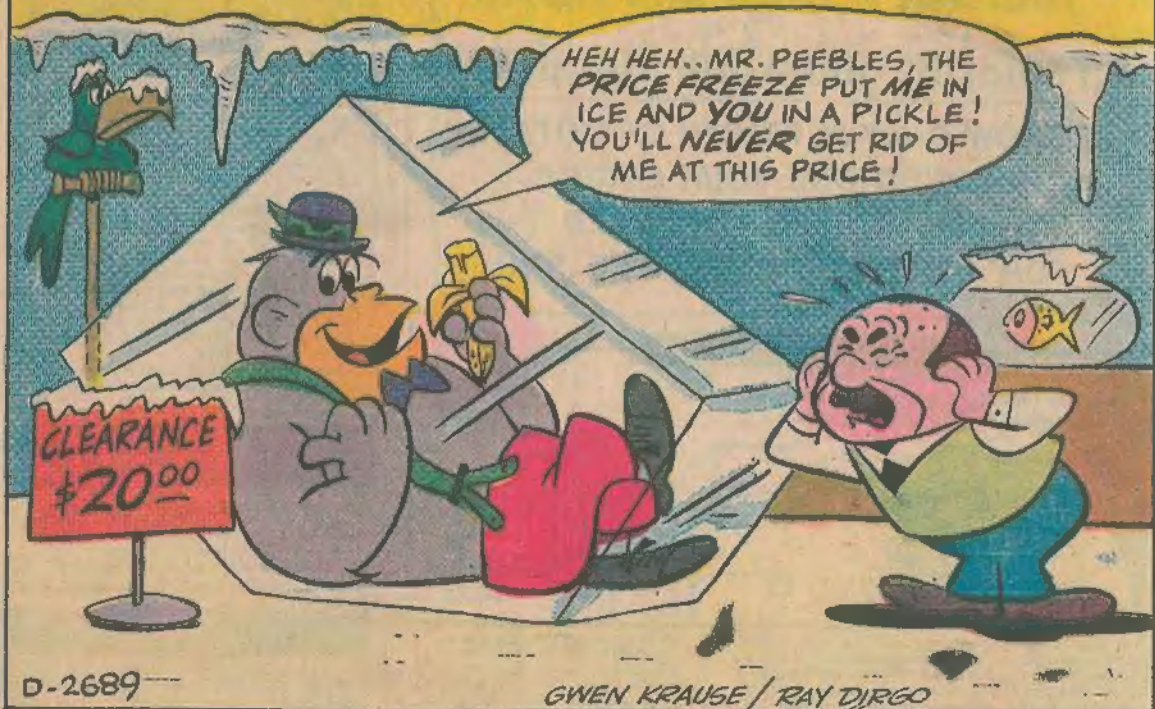


CHOPPER in BIG FIGHT





MAGILLA GORILLA in PRICE FREEZE



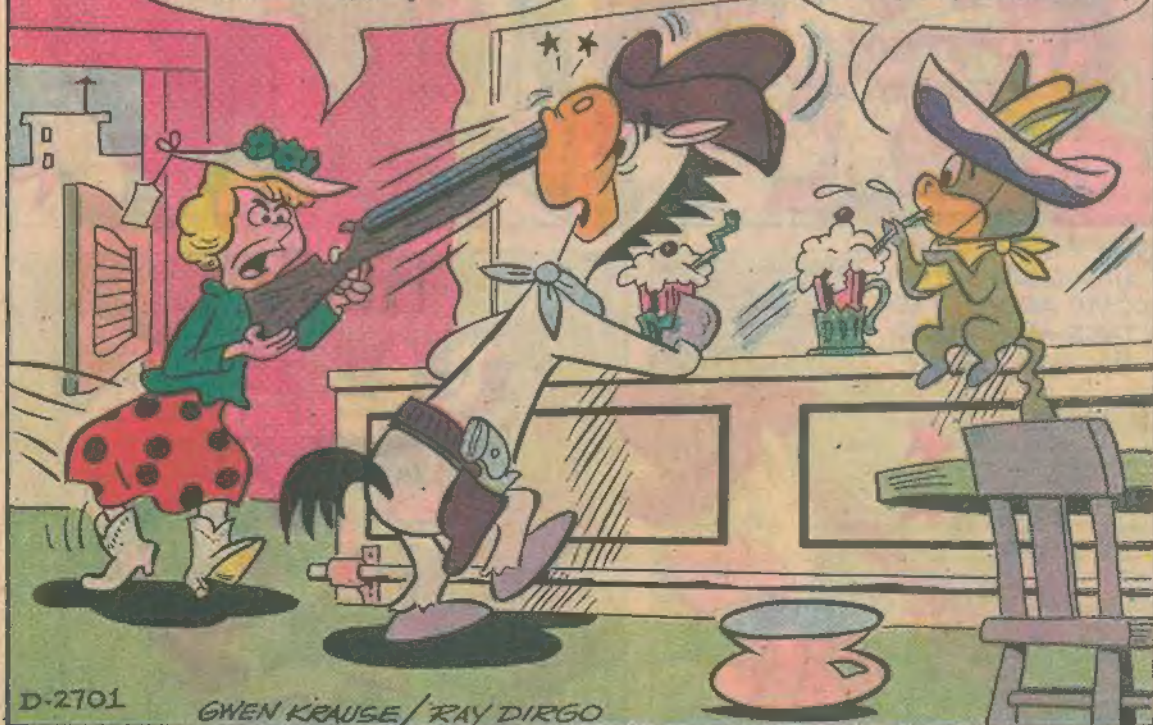
QUICK
DRAW
MCDRAW

in

Maw's Boys

SHERIFF, THESE HERE TWO
BARRELS TELLS YA TO LET
MAH BOYS OUTA YOUR COTTON
PICKIN' JAIL!

BE CAREFOOL,
QUEEKSTRAW, SHE
EES MEEN LOOKEEN'!



D-2701

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

ALRIGHT, BOYS, GIT ON YOUR HOSSES
AND RIDE OUTA TOWN!

WE KNEW
WE COULD
COUNT ON
YA, MAW!



BABA BOY, WE'VE GOTTA GIT THEM
BACK OR MAH NAME'S NOT
QUICK DRAW MCGRAW!

WHAT WE GONNA CALL
YA, QUEEKSTRAW?

I'LL SHOW
HIM!



